



Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

THE GREAT MOUSE RACE



 **SCHOLASTIC**



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**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
WELCOME TO THE**



STONE AGE!

WELCOME TO THE STONE AGE . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE CAVEMICE!

CAPITAL: OLD MOUSE CITY

POPULATION: WE'RE NOT SURE. (MATH DOESN'T EXIST YET!) BUT BESIDES CAVEMICE, THERE ARE PLENTY OF DINOSAURS, WAY TOO MANY SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS, AND FEROCIOUS CAVE BEARS — BUT NO MOUSE HAS EVER HAD THE COURAGE TO COUNT THEM!

TYPICAL FOOD: PETRIFIED CHEESE SOUP

NATIONAL HOLIDAY: **GREAT ZAP DAY**, WHICH CELEBRATES THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE. RODENTS EXCHANGE GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES ON THIS HOLIDAY.

NATIONAL DRINK: MAMMOTH MILKSHAKES

CLIMATE: **Unpredictable**, WITH FREQUENT METEOR SHOWERS



cheese
soup



MONEY

SEASHELLS OF ALL SHAPES
AND SIZES



MEASUREMENT

THE BASIC UNIT OF MEASUREMENT IS BASED ON THE LENGTH OF THE TAIL OF THE LEADER OF THE VILLAGE. A UNIT CAN BE DIVIDED INTO A HALF TAIL OR QUARTER TAIL. THE LEADER IS ALWAYS READY TO PRESENT HIS TAIL WHEN THERE IS A DISPUTE.

THE CAVEMICE



Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

THE GREAT MOUSE RACE



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MANY AGES AGO, ON PREHISTORIC MOUSE ISLAND, THERE WAS A VILLAGE CALLED OLD MOUSE CITY. IT WAS INHABITED BY BRAVE *RODENT SAPIENS* KNOWN AS THE CAVEMICE.

DANGERS SURROUNDED THE MICE AT EVERY TURN: EARTHQUAKES, METEOR SHOWERS, FEROCIOUS DINOSAURS, AND FIERCE GANGS OF SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS. BUT THE BRAVE CAVEMICE FACED IT ALL WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR, AND WERE ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HAND TO OTHERS.

HOW DO I KNOW THIS? I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT BOOK WRITTEN BY MY ANCESTOR, GERONIMO STILTONOOT! HE CARVED HIS STORIES INTO STONE TABLETS AND ILLUSTRATED THEM WITH HIS ETCHINGS.

I AM PROUD TO SHARE THESE STONE AGE STORIES WITH YOU. THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE CAVEMICE WILL MAKE YOUR FUR STAND ON END, AND THE JOKES WILL TICKLE YOUR WHISKERS! HAPPY READING!

Geronimo Stilton



WARNING! DON'T IMITATE THE CAVEMICE.
WE'RE NOT IN THE STONE AGE ANYMORE!

SOUND THE ALARM!

I was having another **sleepless** night in Old Mouse City!

My day started when I reported to work at the newspaper office of *The Stone Gazette*. I **CHISELED** article after article.

Then my coworkers had more questions for me than Swiss cheese has holes.

“Should that article about the vegetarian **T.REX** go on the front page?”

“Can we get more **RED INK** for our pelican painters?”

“Does the **giant spider** in the Cheddar Cave have eight or six legs?”

I answered questions until the moon was



high in the night sky!

By the time I was done, it was almost dawn. With the last of my strength, I looked around: The SLATES of newspaper were piled on the floor, waiting to be delivered.

In case you don't know, *The Stone Gazette* is the most famous newspaper of the Stone Age. And I, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, am its publisher!

I finally dragged myself back to my cave, exhausted but satisfied.





When I got home, I planned to do the following things:

- Take a **Hot Bath** with a lot of cheese-scented bubbles!
- Eat a bellyful of **stinky blue cheese** (one of my favorites)!
- Take an epic **snooze** until the next day!

Instead, when I entered my cave, I found an unpleasant surprise waiting for me. . . .

First of all, my cave was a **primordial mess**: Dirty pots and pans covered my kitchen counter; Parmesan rinds littered the floor; and to complete the **disgusting** scene, a terrible stench filled the air.

“Hey, Cousin!” a familiar voice called out.

My stomach sank like a **BOULDER**. I knew the cause of all this mess.

It was none other than my bumbling cousin **Trap!** He was hunched over the table with



his snout in a bowl of fondue and beans.

“Trap!” I said. “What are you doing here? And why are you **scarfing** down all my food?”

“Don’t you see, Cousin?” he snorted. “I’m **TRAINING!** Or have you forgotten the **BiG event** tomorrow?”

I was so tired, I couldn’t think straight.

Big event? What **BiG event**?

Then it came
to me. . . .





PETRIFIED CHEESE, I HAD TOTALLY FORGOTTEN!

(Even though I had just chiseled the news into hundreds of slabs of *The Stone Gazette*.)

Tomorrow, the greatest sporting event in prehistory was about to begin:

➤ THE STONE AGE GAMES! ➤

Every year, Trap entered the **Fondue and Beans Eating Competition**. I was about to ask him why he wasn't eating at the Rotten Tooth Tavern, which he owns, when a yell shook all of Old Mouse City.

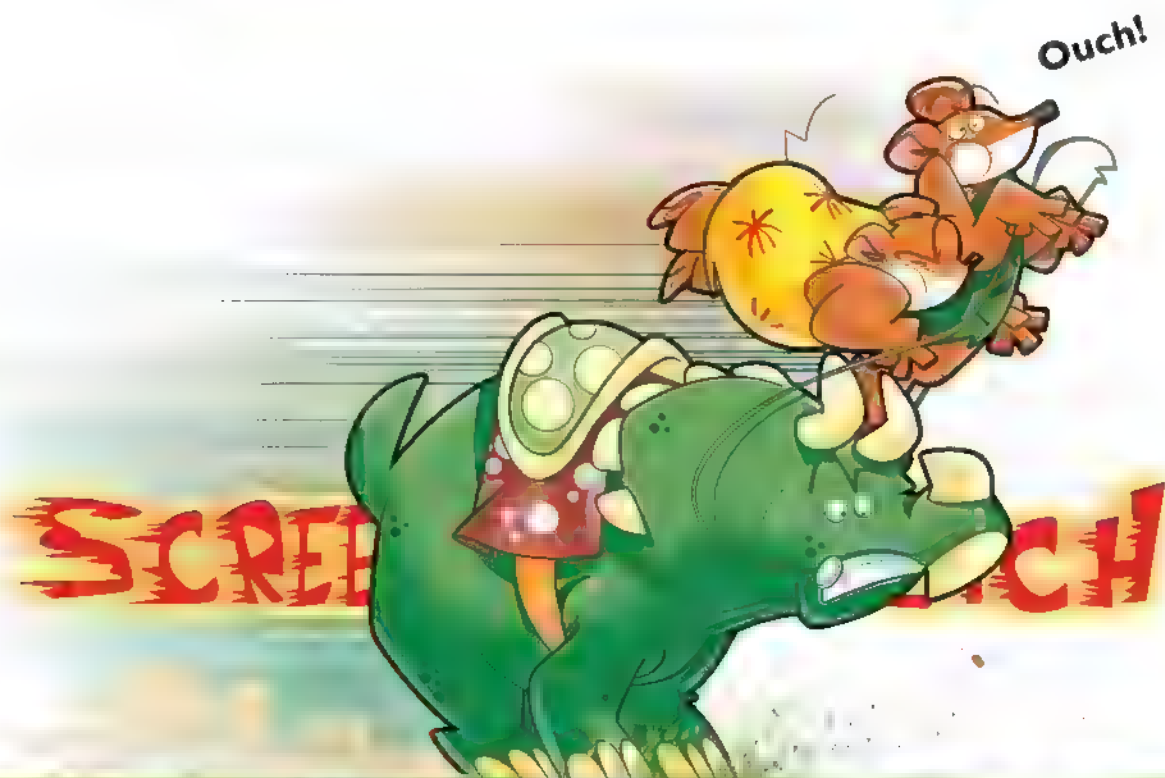


**"SOUND THE
ALAAAAARM!"**

A FAIR CHALLENGE?

Great rocky boulders! What was happening?
We had to find out!

Trap and I jumped on my lazy **AUTOSAURUS**.
I steered him toward the city walls. Suddenly,
he **STOPPED SHORT** — and Trap and I fell
off!



OW! What a Paleolithic pain!

“Why did you stop?” I asked the autosaurus. But then I **SAW** the answer for myself.

Every citizen of Old Mouse City had rushed to the city walls. A **crowd** of rodents had piled up as everyone waited to find out why the alarm had been called.

Curious, Trap and I climbed up the **MOUNTAIN** of mice and looked over the walls. When we reached the top, we became frozen with shock — and **fear**.

Just outside our city stood a **huge** band of saber-toothed tigers! They were huge, fierce beasts, with sharp claws and long, pointy fangs.

I had seen these tigers before. It was **Tiger Khan and his Saber-Toothed Squad!**

But what was most shocking about this scene was that the tigers weren't attacking.

TIGER KHAN

WHO HE IS: THE
FIERCE LEADER OF
THE SABER-TOOTHED
TIGERS

FAVORITE HOBBY:
BOSSING AROUND HIS
TIRED ARMY

FAVORITE ACCESSORY:

A FRAGMENT OF FLINT THAT HANGS AROUND HIS
NECK. HE USES IT TO SHARPEN HIS LONG FANGS

FAVORITE PHRASE: "A MOUSE A DAY KEEPS
WEAKNESS AWAY!"

HIS SECRET DREAM: TO INVADE OLD MOUSE CITY
AND MAKE THE MICE INTO MEATBALLS



Tiger Khan was talking in a *gentle* voice. Behind him, all of the members of the Saber-Toothed Squad were *smiling* and behaving nicely. One of them waved the squad's official flag. It was made of fur, with an image of a tiger *PAW PRINT* on it.

Ernest Heftymouse, the leader of our village, listened *carefully* from a watchtower high above the city wall.



Next to him stood the old **SHAMAN**, Bluster Conjurat.

“GREAT LEADER OF OLD MOUSE CITY!”

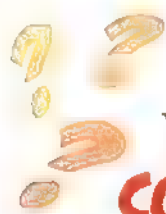
Tiger Khan declared.

“We would like to participate in the Stone Age Games.

We propose a **truce!**”

We come in peace!





Wait a minute. . . . **HAD I HEARD THAT CORRECTLY?**

The leader of the Saber-Toothed Squad wanted a truce?

Ernest and Bluster whispered to each other. Bluster **thoughtfully** stroked his long white beard. Then he turned to Tiger Khan and spoke.

“How can you **guarantee** that you won’t harm us?” he asked.

I couldn’t even believe that they were considering the tigers’ proposal. Those saber-toothed tigers were **sneaky**, disgusting, and meaner than a rat who has run out of cheese. Their offer of a truce sounded **SUSPICIOUS** to me.

Tiger Khan had a smooth reply. “We **promise** to respect the truce during the games. And to prove it, we will give you all



of our clubs and spears.”

Ernest looked **shocked** to hear this.

Trap turned to me. “You know, including the tigers would make the games more exciting,” he said.



I saw his point. The other teams competing were the **MUSKY**

MICE of the Great

North and the

ARMADILLO

RODENTS of the

Swampy South.

Neither team was as good as the Old Mouse City athletes.

We won **easily**

every time. The



past few years, the Stone Age Games had been a **prehistoric bore!**

Ernest must have been thinking the same thing.

“**We accept your truce!**” he announced. “The Saber-Toothed Squad may participate in the Stone Age Games. It will be a totally **fair** competition between **rodents** and **FELINES**. May the best team win!”

A happy **CHEER** went up from the tigers. The city **gates** opened and the cats marched in, smiling and waving. Some mice **nervously** waved back.

Not me. I had a **BAD, TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE** feeling about this!



Good day!

Nice to meet you!

I smell trouble!

TICKETS, PLEASE!

After the tigers entered the city, Ernest Heftymouse told us to return to our **CAVES**. As I made my way through the crowd, I realized that I couldn't find Trap — or my autosaurus. My cousin had left me **STRANDED!**

So I walked all the way home. Then I spent hours cleaning the **mess** he had left.

When I was done, I was so dirty that I jumped into the **bathitub**.

When I was clean, I lay down on my smooth **STONE** terrace.

Aaahhh!



The **orange sun** setting in the sky looked like a wheel of cheddar.

AH, HOW PEACEFUL!

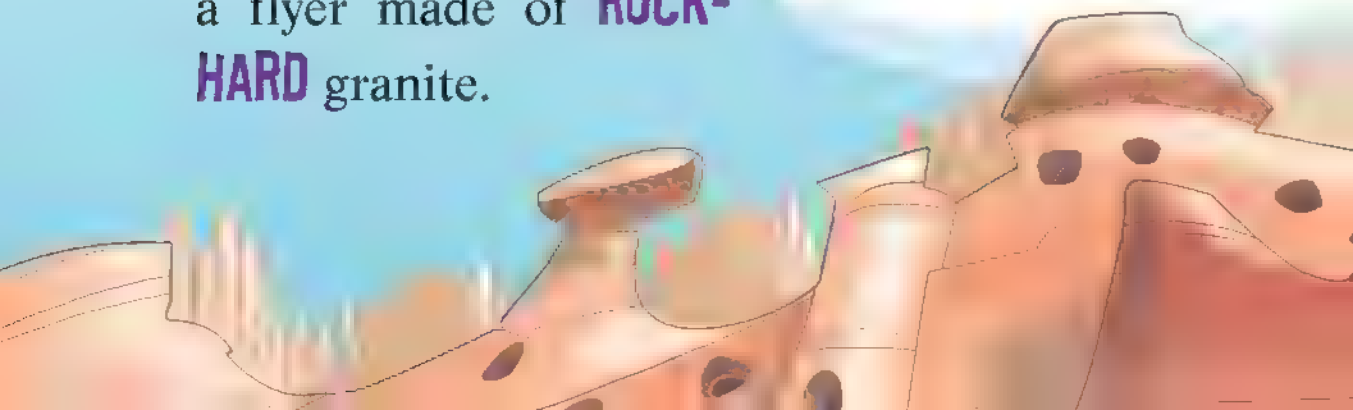
After that long night at the newspaper, Trap's mess, and the tigers, I was finally ready to get some sleep.

I had just closed my eyes when I heard a loud voice.

"INCOMING MAAAIIIIIL!" yelled a mail-a-dactyl flying over my cave.

I scrambled to my feet. I knew what was coming. The mail-a-dactyl let go of a flyer made of **ROCK-HARD** granite.

Maaaiiiiil!





TICKETS, PLEASE!

But I wasn't fast enough. The granite flyer bonked me right on the head.

OUCH!

"Why can't someone *invent* paper already?" I yelled, and then I read the message.



I sighed. There would be no sleep for me — not yet. I couldn't miss the **OPENING CEREMONY!**



Then the **shriekers** began to scream.

**TWEET-TWEET-
TWEET-TWEEEEEET!**

**"HURRY BEFORE
YOU'RE LATE!"**

I knew I
could get there
QUICKLY
if I had my
autosaurus —
but Trap still had it.
Now I was going to be
PREHISTORICALLY late!



Of course, there was one other way to get there on time. I hated to do it, but I had no choice.

I had to take the **Subwaysaurus!**



TICKETS, PLEASE!

I sighed again. I **NEVER** take the Subwaysaurus unless I absolutely have to, because:

① It's very **shaky** and makes my tummy feel sick.

② It's very **crowded**, so I never get a seat.

But I publish *The Stone Gazette*, and I could not miss the opening of the games. I **DASHED** to the **SUBWAYSAURUS CAVE**



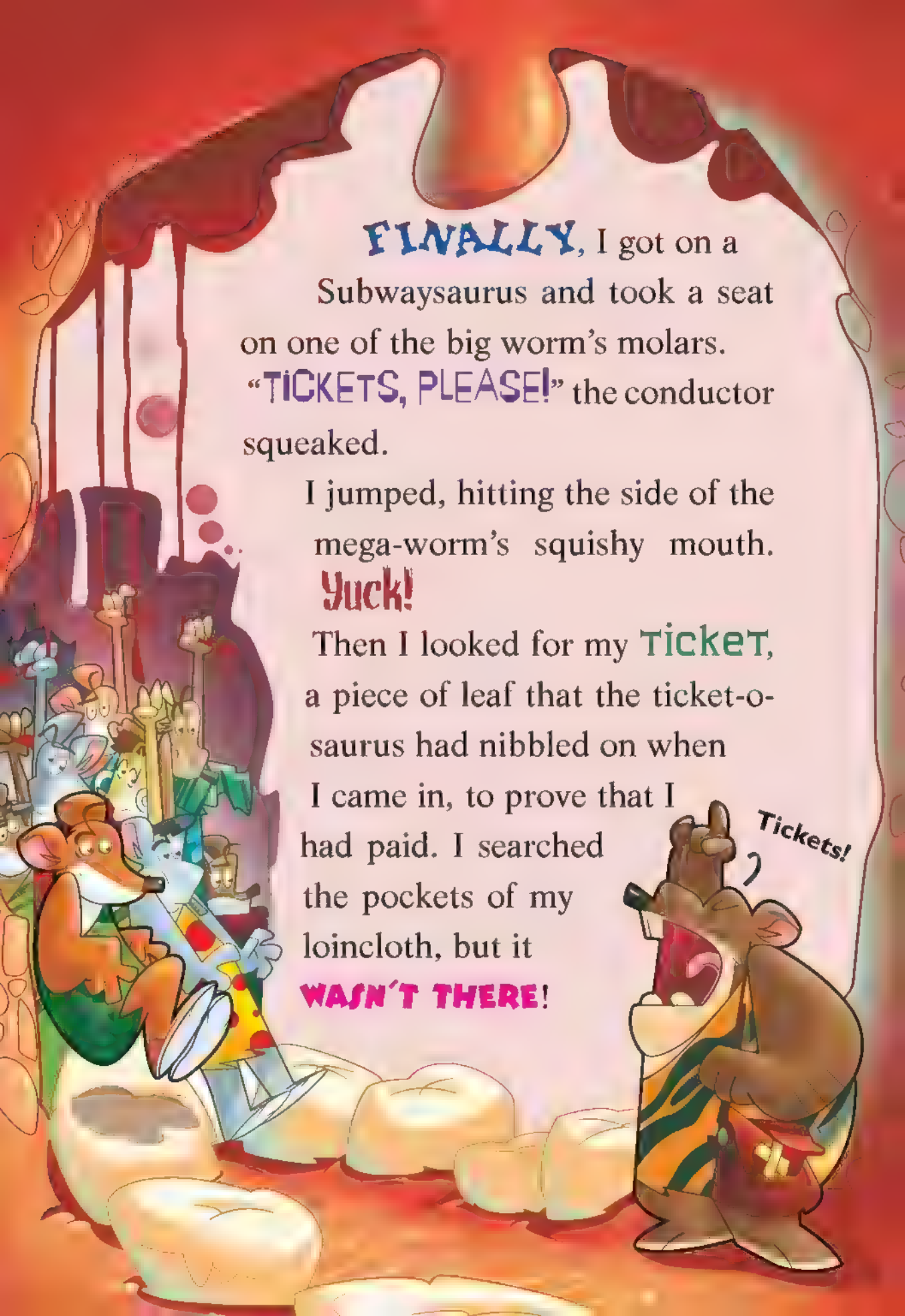


speedier than a velociraptor.

The platform was **crowded** with rodents all rushing to the opening ceremony. When the first Subwaysaurus came, I got **crushed** by the crowd: One mouse **stepped** on my paw, another one **squashed** my tail, and a third one **JUMPED** on my shoulders to get on before me.

Nobody would let me get through!

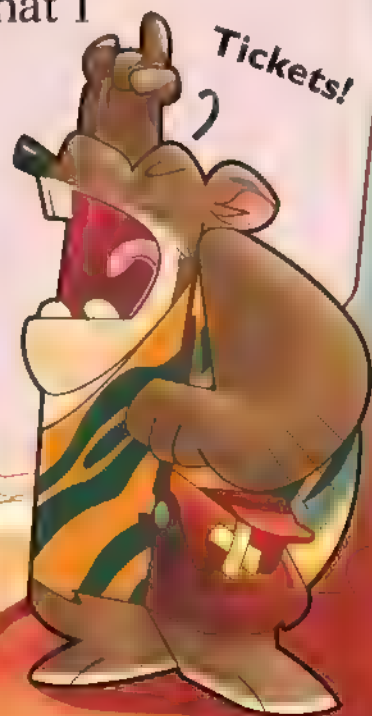




FINALLY, I got on a
Subwaysaurus and took a seat
on one of the big worm's molars.
"TICKETS, PLEASE!" the conductor
squeaked.

I jumped, hitting the side of the
mega-worm's squishy mouth.
Yuck!

Then I looked for my **Ticket**,
a piece of leaf that the ticket-o-
saurus had nibbled on when
I came in, to prove that I
had paid. I searched
the pockets of my
loincloth, but it
WASN'T THERE!





“CAN YOU PLEASE HURRY UP?” the conductor asked. “Or would you like a nice fine?”

“One minute,” I said, **dripping** with cold sweat. “I know I had it, but I must have lost it in this huge crowd.”

The conductor glared at me. “That’s what they all say. Schemers! **Cheats!**” He began to chisel out my fine. “That will be **THIRTY SHELLS**, thank you!”

I sighed for the third time that day and gave him my shells. By the time I got to the arena, I was bruised, **sticky** with worm drool, and broke.

And, of course, I was **late!** The opening ceremony had already begun.



TROUBLE AT THE CEREMONY

When I got to the arena, the stands were already crowded with rodents. Luckily, my friend **Hercule Poirat** had saved me a seat!

As I **SQUEEZED** in next to him, the teams were coming into the arena, each one waving its flag.

“What an **inspiring** sight!” said Hercule.

But I couldn’t see a thing. A large rodent had **PLOPPED** down right in front of me, blocking my view.

“Look down there! It’s the Old Mouse City team!” she cried happily. “And there’s **Strider Longsteps! What a marvelous mouse!**”



Strider was our cross-country running champion, and it had gone to his head. He acted like such a **BIG CHEESE**.

“And there’s your cousin the eating champion,” Hercule said, pointing behind Strider.

The rodent in front of me turned around. “Ooh, are you **Trap Stiltonoot’s** cousin?” she asked, shaking my paw with the strength of a **CAVE BEAR**. “He’s an amazing athlete!”

If you call eating me out of my cave a sport, I thought, and then Hercule nudged me.

“Here come those **MEAN CATS** with



Strider Longsteps



Hooray for the games!



**Hooray for
the cavemice!**



their sharp fangs!” he said.

I peered around the rodent in front of me and saw the **SABER-TOOTHED SQUAD** marching into the arena.

“The first one is **Growler Sharpclaws**, their cross-country champion,” pointed out our big-boned neighbor. “Doesn’t he have great energy?”

Energy? Growler looked pretty **furious** to me.

He was running toward Ernest Heftymouse, shaking his paw in the air. Tiger

Khan ran next to him, and he looked **angry**, too.





The two tigers skidded to a stop in front of our leader.

“See this empty flagpole?” Khan said, pointing at the pole in Growler’s paw. “Someone has stolen our **flag**. You have **BROKEN** our truce! This is an **outrage!**”

Ernest frowned. “**The flag?** How could this be? Why would any of us put a paw on your **mangy** — I mean, **precious** flag?”

“Well, it didn’t just disappear,” **TIGER KHAN** snarled. “One of your rotten rodents must have taken it. If you don’t give us our flag back, we will yank your tails, box your ears, and pull out the whiskers of **EVERY LAST MOUSE** in this city!”

A terrified silence fell across the arena. Until . . .

BADABAM!!!

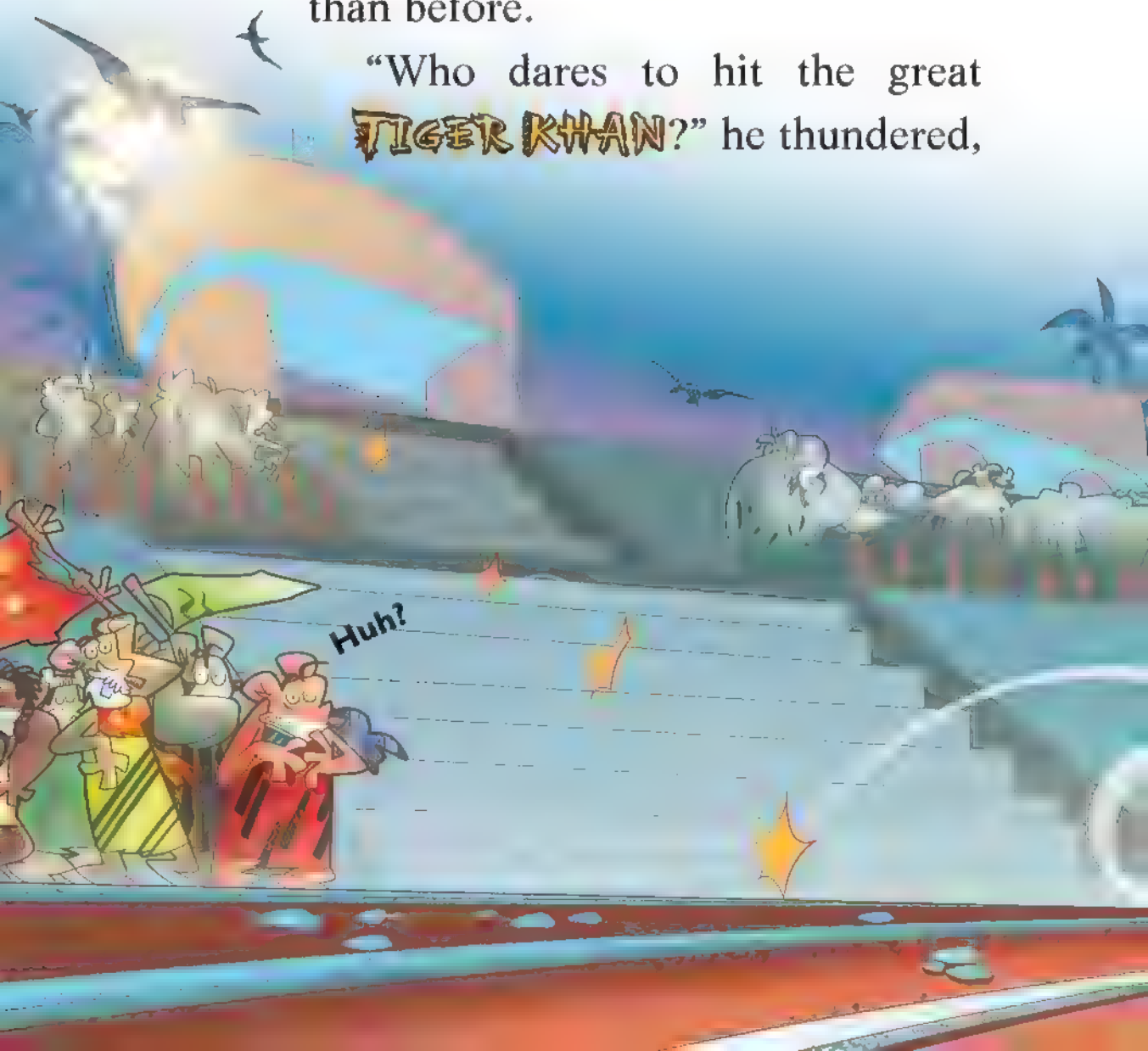


TROUBLE AT THE CEREMONY

Hercule and I were on the edges of our seats, trying to hear, when we **TUMBLLED** right out of the stands! We **knocked over** Tiger Khan and Growler Sharpclaws.

The tiger leader was even angrier than before.

“Who dares to hit the great **TIGER KHAN?**” he thundered,





jumping to his feet. Then he squinted at Hercule. “But haven’t I seen you before?”

I gulped. The last time he had seen Tiger Khan, Hercule had tricked him with a disguise.*

But Hercule wasn’t worried. “You may have seen us in the **NEWSPAPER**,” he said. “I am a famouse **detective**, and

* Read all about it in my adventure *The Stone of Fire*!





Mr. Stiltonoot here is a — more or less — famouse **JOURNALIST**. We would like to find your missing flag for you.”

Tiger Khan and Growler Sharpclaws **looked over** Hercule and me. Then they looked at each other — and burst into uncontrollable laughter.

“BAHAHAHA!”





“FAMOUSE JOURNALIST?” Growler guffawed with tears in his eyes.

“FAMOUSE DETECTIVE? HARDY HAR HAR!” laughed Tiger Khan. “Do you two **scrawny** rodents really think you can find our flag?”

Then Ernest Heftymouse took control.

“We, the mice of Old Mouse City, have not stolen anything!”

he insisted firmly. “And to prove it, Hercule Poirat and his assistant, Geronimo Stiltonoot, will **immediately** begin their investigation. Poirat has solved many cases . . . although I’m not so sure about this **assistant** of his.”

“Hey!” I protested. “I don’t assist anybody. I’m my own mouse. I am . . . **HMPH** . . . **HMPH** . . . **HMPH** . . .”



Hercule had covered my snout with his paw. “My assistant cannot wait to begin, oh **FLEA-RIDDEN** — I mean, **Great** Tiger Khan.”

The leader of the saber-toothed tigers looked **thoughtful**.

“All right!” he finally agreed with a **sneer**. “We will keep the truce — *for now*. But if you **scraggly** rodents don’t find the flag before the games end, I will use your **whiskers** to floss my fangs!”

“Floss his fangs! Ha, ha, ha!” Growler **LAUGHED**.

“**MUZZLE IT!**” Tiger Khan roared. Then he dragged his star athlete by the tail out of the arena.

Hercule watched them go, his whiskers twitching happily. I knew he was **excited** to have a new case.



I was more **suspicious** than excited. Something about the way those tigers were acting smelled as **stinky** as old blue cheese to me. I just didn't like the sneer on Tiger Khan's face.

I had a feeling that it meant **TROUBLE!**





When the ceremony ended, I pulled Hercule aside.

“What were you thinking?” I asked. “The **fate** of the whole city is riding on us now!”

“**Don't worry,**” he replied calmly. “Have you ever regretted taking part in one of my **CASES?**”

I was about to reply, “**Almost always,**” when I felt a breeze on my back. Then I heard a strange sound.

Thump . . . thump . . . thump . . .

“What's going on?” I wondered, turning around.

To my surprise, I saw one of the Old



Mouse City athletes practicing his sport: **jumpsnake**. This Stone Age activity involves using a long **REPTILE** like a rope and **Swinging** it over your head and under your feet.

The breeze on my back was the **whoosh** of the snake, and the thumping sound was the rodent's feet as they hit the ground.

The rodent **HOPPED** right up to us. "So you are Hercule Poirat and his assistant?"

"I am not exactly his assista —" I began, but Hercule **interrupted** me.

"Yes, that's us!" he said. "Would you like an autograph?"





“Why would I want that?” asked the jumping mouse in a **snobby** tone. “I am more famous than either of you. I am **Skip Lightstone**, the jumpsnake champion!”

Skip kept jumping as he talked. **HOP! HOP! HOP!** He hopped right on my paw!

“**OUCH!**” I cried. “What is it you want from us?”

“Actually, you need something from me,” he replied. “For I saw who stole the felines’ **flag!**”

Hercule and I looked at each other. Was Skip serious?

“Then tell us — who is the **guilty** rodent?” Hercule asked.

“I recognized him from the **PATTERNED** fur loincloth he was wearing,” Skip said. “I know only one athlete who wears fur like that. It had to be **Brock Boaster**, the



champion of the Heavyweight Race!”

Skip hopped closer to us again, and this time, I got **tangled** in the snake with Skip! The slimy reptile was **coiled** all around us. **YIKES!**

I eventually freed myself, and Skip hopped away.

“This is a **GREAT BREAK** in the case!” Hercule cried. “We need to find Brock Boaster!”



PUFF! PUFF!
PANT! PANT!

The next morning, Hercule **dragged** me out of bed at dawn.

“Hurry up, Geronimo!” he urged. “We need to get to the **Cheddar Volcano**. The first event of the Stone Age Games will be held there: the **Heavyweight**





Race. That's where we'll find Brock Boaster!"

The race is just like it sounds. Participants have to carry **heavy** objects and run around the volcano. When we got there, the **race** had already started.

"Look! There's **Brock!**" Hercule said pointing. "Is that **furry** thing he's carrying the stolen flag?"

I thought we had solved the case — until





the object Brock was carrying lifted his head and roared.

“He’s carrying a **CAVE BEAR!**” I cried.

We watched as Brock crossed the **FINISH LINE** first. Then we approached him.

“Skip Lightstone saw someone wearing

PATTERNED

FUR steal the

flag of the saber-toothed tigers,”

Hercule said

“Was it you?”

“Skip Lightstone has **FOSSILS** for brains,” said Brock.

“I wasn’t anywhere near that flag. I was training. Right, bear?”



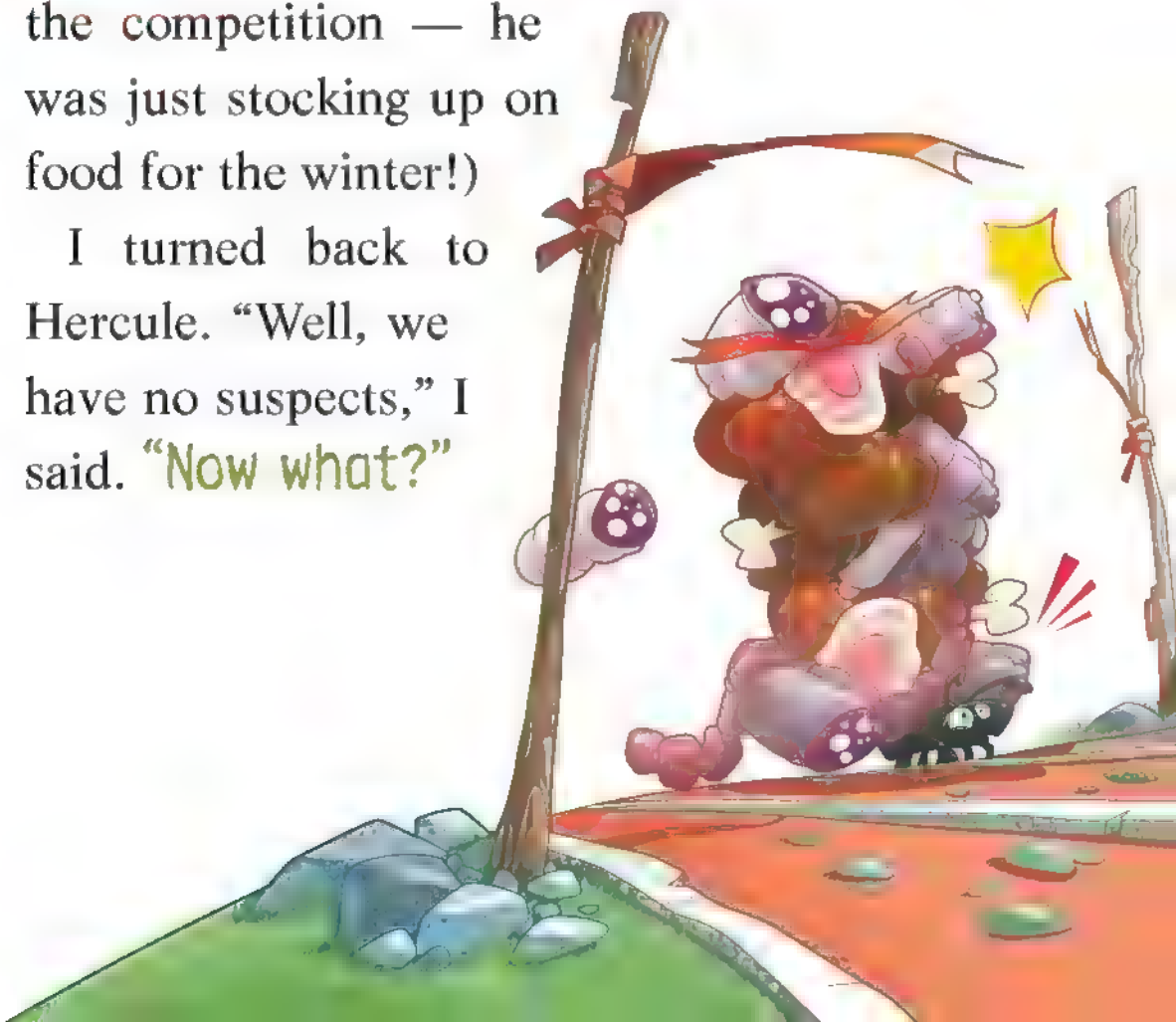


ROOOAAAR!

“I can’t argue with that alibi,” I said, backing away *nervously*.

Then the crowd burst into applause as the last runner finished the race — a Neanderthal ant carrying a mound of **MEGALOSAURUS MEAT** on its back. (But he wasn’t even in the competition — he was just stocking up on food for the winter!)

I turned back to Hercule. “Well, we have no suspects,” I said. “*Now what?*”



THE EXTREME ECHO CHALLENGE!

“Let’s head to the next event,” Hercule suggested. “The **Extreme Echo Challenge** is about to start on top of the volcano.”

I looked up at the steep sloping paths winding up the sides of the Cheddar Volcano. “Luckily there’s a **STEGOSAUR-BUS** to take us there.”

But when we got to the bus stop, the **crowded** stegosaur-bus had already taken off.

**BONES AND STONES!
WE WOULD HAVE TO WALK!**



Oh nooooo!

We're too late!



“**Snout up**, Geronimo!” Hercule said, trying to stay positive. “A short little walk is exactly what we need to stretch our paws and **CLEAR** our heads.”

“My paws are just fine,” I **grumbled** as we began the hike up the steep volcano. The air was as **HOT** as fondue and the path was as **dusty** as powdered cheese. **I was miserable!**

Then we heard a noise behind us — and turned to see a huge dust cloud swirling up the path.

“**It’s a tornado!**” Hercule cried, ducking behind a rock.

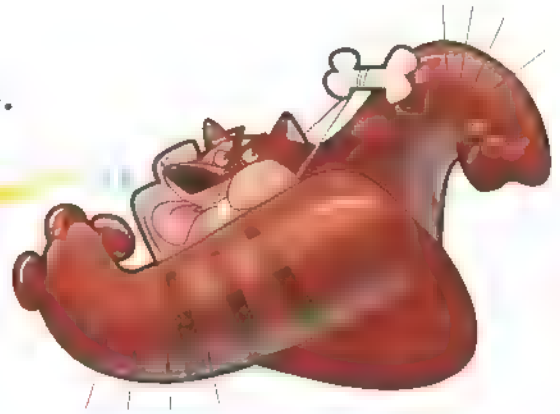
But it was just **Growler Sharpclaws**, the athlete from the Saber-Toothed Squad. He was speedily running up the volcano, kicking up dust in his wake.

When he spotted us, he stopped, turned,



and stuck out his tongue.

"PFFFFFFT!
STINKY RATS!"



Then he ran off, stirring up another **dust cloud** behind him.

Coughing from the dust, we made our way to the site of the competition. In the Extreme Echo Challenge, competitors yell out **insults** as loud as they can. The insult with the longest echo wins.

Hubert Squeakstone, the champion from Old Mouse City, yelled first.

"TIGER KHAN HAS FLEEEEEEEAS!"

The echo bounced across the volcano.

"EAS . . . EAS . . . EAS . . ."



Peter Yellenov, the athlete from the Saber-Toothed Squad, was next. His insult echoed, too.

“ERNEST HEFTYMOUSE HAS STINKY PAWS!”

“PAWS . . . PAWS . . . PAWS . . .”

Hercule and I approached Peter while he took a breath.

“Excuse m-m-me,” I stammered nervously. (I know there was a truce, but a **TIGER** is always a tiger!) “We were wondering if you had noticed anything **Suspicious**. For example, someone carrying a fur flag?”

Peter looked us over and then broke into a **MEGA-YELL**.

“Are you looking for our flag . . . ag . . . ag?” he asked.

“Um, y-yes,” I responded **fearfully**.

...AS...EAS...
...AS...EAS...
...AS...EAS...





“Speak louder! I can’t hear you!” Peter
BARKED.

“Yes!” I replied.

“Well, I haven’t seen anything at all!” the
tiger **ROARED.** And then he breathed
right in our faces!

HISSESSSSSSSSSS!





Hercule and I **SCURRIED** away as quickly as we could. As we made our way back down the volcano, we heard the echoes behind us.

**“TIGERS HAVE CROOKED FANGS! . . .
ANGS . . . ANG . . .”**

**“THE MICE OF OLD MOUSE CITY HAVE
DANDRUFF! . . . RUFF . . . RUFF . . .”**

Suddenly, the ground beneath our paws began to tremble.

“HELP! EARTHQUAKE!” I yelled.

“No,” Hercule said. **“IT’S MUCH WORSE!”**

HOLEY CHEESE WHEELS!

Hercule was right (which happens every once in a while).

It wasn't an earthquake making the ground shake. Those **vibrations** making our whiskers tremble were caused by dozens of huge **CHEESE WHEELS** rolling downhill at super-speed.

? ? CAN YOU GUESS WHERE WE HAD ENDED UP? ? ?

We were right in the middle of the **CHEESE WHEEL OBSTACLE COURSE!**

It was one of the most **DIFFICULT**

Umph!

Almost
there ...

Holey
cheese wheels!

Heeeelp!





challenges in the Stone Age Games. The athletes had to stand on top of a cheese wheel and **LAUNCH** themselves down the side of the **volcano**, keeping their balance. The course was filled with rocks, bushes, pits, and other **OBSTACLES** for the racers to avoid.

Hercule **DODGED** the first cheese wheel.

“Let’s get out of here, Geronimo, before





we end up as flat as cheese slices!” he yelled.

Too late! An enormous loose cheese wheel **slammed** into me and took me with it. I **CAREENED** down the side of the volcano.

I rolled over a **SPIKY** stone, and it shaved the fur off my tail!





Then I rolled into a huge beehive! The enormouse **PNEUMOTRIC BEES** angrily followed me, pointing their **sharp** stingers at me.

Next, I rolled into a stream of lava, which scared away the bees.

Whew!

The lava was as hot as **bubbling** fondue, but I figured a **steaming** lava bath was better than getting a bunch of **HOLES** poked in me.

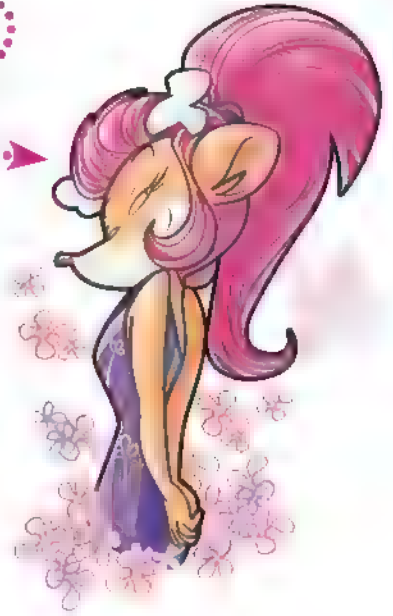
Finally, the cheese rolled down a hill and broke down the door of a cave. **Dazed**, sweaty, and covered in cheese crumbs, I collapsed on the ground.

Then a loud voice woke me. “**GERONIMO STILTONOOT!** What kind of trouble are you causing now?”

HOLEY CHEESE! I had crashed into the cave of Bluster Conjurat, the village



shaman. He was also the father of *Clarissa Conjurat*, who is the nicest, smartest, bravest, and prettiest mouse in all of prehistory. (In my opinion, at least.)



_____, I started to brush the cheese crumbs off me. They landed in Bluster's beard, but he didn't mind.

“**YUM!** Delicious!” he said, tasting one.

Then Hercule walked into the cave.

“What **luck!**” he cried. “Bluster, you may be the only one who can help us.”

Bluster stopped munching on cheese crumbs.

“Your **super shaman skills** are our only hope,” Hercule continued. “If we don't find the flag of the saber-toothed tigers,



Geronimo and I will end up as **mouse meatballs!**"

"Hmm, let's see," Bluster said thoughtfully. I could practically see the gears in his head turning. "I could **SEW** a new flag for the tigers. Or I could hypnotize them all so

that they think they are harmless little **kittens....**"

Hercule and I looked at each other. Neither of those ideas sounded great.

"Or?" we asked Bluster. The shaman stroked his beard. "Or . . . or" Then his eyes **LIT UP**. "Of course!"

Without saying another





word, he **darted** out of the cave as quickly as a meteorite. A few moments later, he returned through the back door with a **merry** bounce in his step.

“Let me introduce you to **Sniffer!**” he announced.

I expected to see a rodent behind him. But the creature that shuffled into the cave was quite **SURPRISING!**

A BLOODHOUND'S NOSE!

Sniffer was an anteater. To be precise, he was an **ENORMOUSE** anteater, with a **hairy** body, large **paws**, and a **long**, arched snout that reached the ground. As soon as he saw Hercule, he ran toward him and began to **sniff** him like a bloodhound.

Sniff ... sniff ...
sniff ...



“B-be good!” Hercule said **nervously**, backing away from the fierce-looking beast.

“Down, boy! Good boy!” I said, hoping he would listen.



"He likes you," Bluster said to Hercule.
"Sniffer usually doesn't like strangers."

Hercule gave a forced smile. "Um, **lucky me!**"

Bluster found a **vine** and slipped it around the anteater's neck like a leash.

"Sniff, Sniffer!" he urged. "Find that missing flag!"

But Sniffer was more interested in **sniffing** Hercule than finding tracks. Poor Hercule **shuffled** uncomfortably as the anteater's long snout prodded him.

"Come now, Sniffer," Bluster said. "**LET'S GO!**"

He handed the leash to Hercule. Sniffer finally stopped smelling Hercule and padded out of the **CAVE**. Bluster and I quickly followed them.

"Sniffer has a bloodhound's nose!" Bluster

said proudly. “He can trace a tiny drop of **perfume** in the Stinky Swamp, or find a **cheese crumb** in a haystack, or locate the ripest round of cheese in the cheese factory. . . .”

“Yes, wonderful,” Hercule said impatiently. “Now can we please find that **flea-ridden** flag?”

Sniffer **ZIGZAGGED** for a long while down a **GRASSY** path. Suddenly, he stopped.

I looked around. Sniffer had brought us right to the **training camp** of the Saber-Toothed Squad! Can you believe it? He couldn’t have picked a more **DANGEROUS** place!

A **magnificent** tent stood at the entrance to the camp, and there was a flagpole standing in front of the tent. Sniffer



sniffed his way up to the flagpole.

“You again?” a familiar voice barked, **SURPRISING** us. “What are you doing here?”

It was **Growler Sharpclaws**, the Saber-Toothed Squad cross-country champion. He hopped over with a jumpsnake.

“Hello, Growler,” Hercule said as Sniffer **sniffed** the flagpole up and down. “This is the pole that you hung your flag on, right?”

Growler just kept **JUMPING** and stuck his tongue out at us again.

PEFFET!

Sniffer sniffed the pole one last time and then left with a jolt, **DRAGGING**







Yikes! Where
are you going?

Sniff ...

Sniff ...
Sniff ...

Hercule throughout the Saber-Toothed Squad training camp.

“He’s on it!” Bluster yelled, urging me to follow them.

The anteater moved in a strange pattern around the camp. He moved **STRAIGHT** . . . then **RIGHT** . . . then **LEFT** . . . then **DOWN** a hill. . . . He was tireless!

I huffed and puffed, trying to keep up with them.

Finally, Sniffer came to a stop in front of a **PYRAMID** of wooden clubs. A few tails away, the tiger athletes were practicing for the **Mushroom Mashing** event. In this event, athletes smash giant mushrooms with their **CLUBS**.

But these silly tigers were practicing by **bonking** each other on the head!



Sniffer cautiously approached the pyramid of **CLUBS**. He sniffed them for a while and then gave up.



Hercule **examined** the pyramid of clubs himself.

“Hmm,” he said, **frowning**. “There is no sign of the flag here. It’s just a big pile of **wood!**”



A RACE TO THE LAST BITE!

Hercule was starting to lose hope.

“GREAT ROCKY BOULDERS!”

he burst out. “That silly anteater sniffed a stick and then brought us to some other sticks. I could have done that!”

Bluster was insulted. “Humph! Sniffer did his **job**. Now it’s up to you to **INVESTIGATE**.”

Then the **OFFENDED** shaman left, dragging the anteater behind him.

That’s when I noticed that the **SUN** was starting to get low in the sky.

“It’s so late!” I cried. “Trap’s event is about to begin: The **Fondue and Beans Eating**



competition!"

We **RUSHED** to the stage where the eating competition was being held, but when we arrived, it was almost over. Trap's stomach looked like he had swallowed a boulder. He stared at his last spoonful, **afraid** to swallow it.





His opponent, **BARKER BIGBELLY**, was shoving spoonfuls of fondue and beans into his mouth with gusto. The tigers in the

BRAVO! **BRAVO!** **HURRAH!**
BRAVO! **HURRAH!**





crowd **BURST** into applause.

Poor Trap sighed, defeated, holding his **SWOLLEN TUMMY** in his paws. It looked like he was going to explode!

“**Cheer up, Cousin!**” I told him. “You looked impressive up there!” (Actually, I hadn’t **seen** him, but it didn’t seem like the time to admit that.)

“That’s right!” echoed Hercule. “Your effort was **huge**. Actually, judging by your stomach, I would even say it was **SUPER-HUGE!**”

I nodded. “I’m sure you will win in the next **STONE AGE GAMES.**”

“If there *is* another Stone Age Games,” Trap corrected me. “Because if you don’t move your tail and **find the felines’ flag**, they will eat us up in one gulp!”



I knew Trap was right. Then I suddenly had an idea: We were **LOOKING** for a thief. And the best place in town to get information about **suspicious** behavior was owned by Trap — the **Rotten Tooth Tavern!** Everybody who goes there loves to gossip.

I convinced Hercule and Trap that we should rush to the tavern. But when we got there, we found a nasty surprise. The place was full of **SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS!**

Those flea-bitten beasts were eating every bit of food in sight, and **TERRORIZING** every rodent around. One rodent in particular looked very frightened. But when he saw me, his face **brightened**.

“Geronimo Stiltonoot! I have been looking everywhere for you!”

A BREAK IN THE CASE

A **SHORT, chubby** mouse with a mustache approached me. He was wearing a funny **fur** hat.

“My name is **OLAF RATINOV**, and I am a journalist like you,” he said, shaking my paw. “I come from the **Land of Frozen Cheese**. I have traveled a very long way to see the Stone Age Games and report on them.”

“Pleasure to meet a fellow **reporter**,” I said. “If I can —”

I stopped because Olaf’s eyes suddenly grew **WIDE** with terror.

A group of **TIGERS** walked past us.



Ack!

Tigers rule,
rats drool!



Olaf was **shaking** like a leaf.

“Relax,” I assured him. “Right now we have an agreement with the tigers. They can’t **hurt** us!”

But the agreement didn’t say anything about **bullying**. The tigers were teasing the mice, calling them names, and swiping food right off their plates. That made me angry.

**“BONES AND STONES! THESE
TIGERS ARE RUINING THE DINNERS
OF EVERY RODENT IN HERE!”**

Trap whispered to his business partner, Greasella. “Why are these **no-good** felines so riled up?”

She sighed. “Well, it seems that Strider Longsteps was hit



OLAF RATINOV



by a bow when he was **training** outside of the city,” she explained. “He fell and dislocated his paw, so he won’t be able to run tomorrow!”

“**Nooooo!**” I cried. Strider might have been conceited, but he was one of the best athletes on our team.

I frowned, thinking about Strider’s accident. The **BOW TOSS** is one of the events in the Stone Age Games. Athletes throw a bow as far as they can (because we haven’t invented **arrows** yet). Strider must have been hit by a stray bow.

“Now that bragger Sharpclaws will win for sure,” grumbled Trap.

As soon as Trap said “Sharpclaws,” Olaf was **curled up** against the bar, holding his knees and **trembling**.

For the love of cheese, I understand being



afraid of tigers (whether they are peaceful or not, they are always tigers), but Olaf's fear seemed **eXcessive!**

"Calm down, Olaf," I said.

"That **cheesebrain** Growler Sharpclaws won't do anything to you."

Olaf took off his hat. "No, you don't understand, Stiltonoot," he said, lowering his voice to a *whisper*. "You must know that during my long voyage to Old Mouse City I got lost in a **WILD** and **ISOLATED** land — the **DINOSAUR PLAINS.**"

Hercule and I jumped. "The Dinosaur Plains? That's a really **DANGEROUS** place. It's full of wild **T. REXES!** How did you manage to get out of there alive?"

Olaf leaned in toward us. "I managed to avoid any T. rexes because I hid in a **CAVE** on **Bone Mountain.** But it wasn't



safe inside the cave, either!”

Olaf stopped and closed his eyes, remembering.

“What did you **See?**” we asked impatiently.

“You can’t even imagine who I saw . . .”
Olaf said.





? ? “Who was there? Tell us already!” we insisted.

Olaf opened his eyes. “A tiger,” he whispered, and then he pointed right at Growler Sharpclaws!

Hercule stared at Olaf, **shocked**. “Are you sure, Olaf? But what in the name of cheese was Growler doing in the Dinosaur Plains?”

“I don’t know,” the rodent admitted. “But I did see him **hiding** a bundle of fur in a corner of the cave.”

“**A bundle of fur!**” Hercule exclaimed, his eyes gleaming. “Geronimo, are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“Let’s see . . .” I mused. “A bundle of fur . . . **Growler** . . . Dinosaur Plains . . . Growler Sharpclaws hid the tigers’ flag in the cave!”

“OF COURSE! IT WAS ALL PART OF THEIR



PLAN!” cried Hercule. “First, Tiger Khan got his tigers into *Old Mouse City* using the games as an excuse. Then he must have ordered Growler to hide the flag —”

“— so he could **blame** its disappearance on us rodents!” I realized. “It’s so clear. If he makes it look like we **stole** the flag, the truce will be broken, and the tigers will **eat** us for breakfast!”

“And lunch, and dinner,” Hercule added. “But we will not let the tigers win. **WE WILL SAVE OLD MOUSE CITY!** We will travel to the Dinosaur Plains and bring the flag back here.”

I gulped. “Um . . . do we really have to?”

MISSION . . . EXTINCTION!

Why do these things always happen to me?

All I wanted to do was attend the most important games in prehistory. **I Didn't** want to solve the case of the missing flag. **I Didn't** want to rush around following that troublemaker Hercule. **I Didn't** want to risk being eaten by a T. rex in the Dinosaur Plains. But guess what? I **HAD** to do all of those dangerous things!

Now we had to get the **flag** and return to Old Mouse City before the games ended. What an **impossible** task!

Our only hope was to run to the flyport and rent a **PTERODACTYL** so we



could fly there quickly.

The director of the flyport showed us all kinds of pterodactyls: the **MEGA-DELUXE** model, with super-size wings; the **LUXURY** model, with a fur-lined pilot's basket; and the **older** models, with **crumpled** wings and **shaky** talons.

Hercule **inspected** them all. He can be very critical!

"This one is too **slow**. This one looks **uncomfortable**. This one has a **SCARY** face. . . ."

In the end, he chose the **Ptero 737**. Its wings looked strong and its back was nice and smooth.

"Excellent choice!" said the director of the flyport. "Thunderbolt is our fastest model. That will be **THREE HUNDRED SHELLS**."



GULP!

Three hundred shells?! At least Hercule was paying.

At least, that's what I thought. "Can you **PAY** for this, Geronimo?" he asked as he inspected the pilot's seat. "I left my **wallet** in my cave."

"Um . . ." My wallet was as **THIN** as a slice of cheese. I fiddled with it, **embarrassed**. "Actually, I'm not sure if I can."

The director looked at my small **pile** of shells, **twisted** his snout, and led us to one of the older models. "**Grouchster** only costs thirty shells. You can rent him if you like," he explained.

Hercule and I walked up to Grouchster. He was a battered old pterodactyl with two black **eyes** and **scales** that were as green as moldy cheese.

Grouchster

(pterodactyl)

NAME: Grouchster

MODEL: Ptero 001

AGE: Older than
moldy cheddar

FUEL: Bugs –
preferably worms,
since he doesn't
have many teeth
left.

CRUISING SPEED:

Not available. With this
model, it is only possible to
calculate Cruising Slowness.



**PILOT'S
BASKET**



BONES AND STONES, THE IDEA OF FLYING ON THAT ECONOMY MODEL MADE MY FUR STAND UP IN FRIGHT!

As soon as we climbed into the pilot's basket, he started coughing. **Cough! cough!**

"Just great. He has a **cold**," I said with a sigh. I elbowed Hercule. "Are you sure this is **safe**? Maybe I should stay here. You know, I still need to update my *will*. And I have to get my fur coat back from the cleaner's. . . ."

"Don't be a '**fraidy mouse**, Geronimo," Hercule said. "Have some faith. Have I ever had a bad **idea**?"

I wanted to reply, "*Always*," but right then the pterodactyl took off, **coughing** and wheezing. He **ZIGZAGGED** through the air like a balloon with a hole in it. Hercule



and I **BOUNCED** up and down in the pilot's basket.

Then . . . **COUGH!** Grouchster hacked so forcefully that I went tumbling out of the basket! My stomach **LURCHED** as I hurtled toward the **SPIKY** summit of Mount Raptor.

My life **flashed** before my eyes. . . . Yes, it was crazy sometimes, but I was not ready to become **extinct!**

Then a **MIRACLE** happened! Hercule steered Grouchster **sharply** to the right and then dipped into a **frenzied** snoutdive. As they began zooming back upward, Hercule reached out with his paw and **grabbed** me by the tail.

I was saved by a whisker!

Then Grouchster **SKIDDED** to a stop on a rocky mountain slope. Right in front of us, we saw a **CAVE**. We had made it! We hurried



inside the cave and there, in the corner, was the **MISSING FLAG!**

“Come on, Geronimo!”

Hercule urged. “Let’s get the flag and hurry back to Old Mouse City.”

“Shhh,” I whispered. “If the **T. REXES** hear us, we’ll be toast!”

“What T. rexes?” Hercule asked, peeking out of the cave. “There’s no sign of —”



GRRROOOWWWWWLL!

“Earthquake!” I yelled as the ground shook beneath my paws.

But I was wrong. That **thundering** sound I heard was worse than an earthquake.

MUCH, MUCH WORSE!

THE CHASE!

A herd of wild T. rexes raced up the mountain, **charging** us!

I glared at Hercule. “I told you so. Now what?”

But he had turned as **pale** as mozzarella. “Let’s get to Grouchster!” he yelled.

I grabbed the **FURRY FLAG** and we ran outside the cave. But Grouchster was so frightened by the T. rexes that he **flew** off without us, coughing and hacking all the way.

Hercule shook his paw at him. “**Get back here, you coward!**” he yelled.

But Grouchster was **soaring** up into



the clouds, moving as **fast** as his old wings could carry him.

Hercule quickly looked around. "All we can do is **run**," he said, grabbing my paw. "There's a path that way. **Let's gooooo!**"

Whoosh! We ran off, tearing down the path with the T. rex herd at our heels. Our fear gave our paws **WINGS**, and we quickly





had a good lead on the herd.

Then we noticed a **DEEP** gorge in front of us and stopped, our hearts pounding **FURIOUSLY**.

"Maybe it's not too wide to jump across. . . . **PUFF PUFF**," suggested Hercule, out of breath from running.

"Maybe it's not too deep, either. . . . **Pant pant**," I replied.

Then we looked down. The gorge was definitely too wide to jump across, and **PLUMMETED** way, way down. A rapid river ran along the bottom.

"There is no hope," I sighed. "**We are toast!**"

"Geronimo, you are the **best friend** I have ever had," Hercule said solemnly.

"You too — even though you've gotten me into a **sea** of trouble," I said.



The T. rexes caught up to us. We had those **HUGE BEASTS** at our backs, the **wide** gorge in front of us, and the **river** below us. We were one step away from extinction.

**OH, WHAT
TERRIBLE LUCK!**

We hugged each other . . . and then at the same time, we saw a tree trunk by the edge of the gorge. We both had the same idea.

“What are we waiting for, Geronimo?” Hercule asked. **“LET’S JUMP!”**

Hercule grabbed the **tree trunk** in one paw, grabbed me with the other, and then **HURLED** us over the side of the gorge!

“HELP!” I squeaked as we splashed into the river below. We held on to the tree trunk as the **freezing** waters of the river swept us



downstream. Above us, the T. rexes stood on top of the gorge, **ANGRILY** looking down. They had missed their meal!

“Geronimo, lean left! Now lean right! Now lean left!” Hercule yelled as we avoided obstacles in our path. “And don’t let go of the flag!”

HOLEY CHEESE, HE WAS YELLING SO LOUD THEY MUST HAVE HEARD HIM IN OLD MOUSE CITY!


We dodged rock after nasty-looking rock as we **floated** down the river. Finally, the T. rexes were far behind us.

“Thank goodmouse!” I said, **sighing** with relief. “I am so tired!”

Hercule nudged me. “I don’t think this is over yet,” he said. **“LOOK UP AHEAD!”**



Um... where
are we going?



I followed his gaze and my whiskers started to shake with fright. The riverbed narrowed, and I could see the top of a bubbling **waterfall** in front of us. The sound of **rushing** water filled my ears.

We were about to **cascade** over the falls!

"I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO COME HERE!"

I yelled as we fell down the waterfall. The force of the current **threw** us in the air, and we landed in **churning** water below. The water got in my eyes, my snout, and my ears. My head was **spinning**.



I couldn't make snout or tail of anything!

In the end — I'm not sure how — we were **TOSSED** onto dry land. And we were **alive**! I collapsed onto the sand. Just as we were about to catch our breath, a **SHRILL** laugh shook us. . . .

"HEE, HEE, HEE!"

**RUN, GERONIMO,
RUN!**

BONES AND STONES!

We were soaked, battered, exhausted, and worn out . . . and someone was **LAUGHING** at us! I turned and saw two crocodiles with huge **TEETH** chuckling behind us.





“Look what the river has served up for us today! **HA, ha, ha!**” one laughed.

“I have never seen such furry fish. **Hee, hee, hee!**” the other laughed.

I was about to yell, “*Who are you calling a fish?*” when I noticed that the whole beach was infested with these **fierce** prehistoric crocodiles. After **TIGER KHAN**, the **flight**, the **T. REXES**, and the waterfall, we were about to become lunch for a bunch of **giggling** reptiles!

Luckily, the crocs were laughing so hard that they didn’t notice us as we slipped away. **Whew!** We scurried off, and I clutched the furry flag tightly to me.

“It’s a long walk back to *Old Mouse City*,” said Hercule. “We must hurry!”

We began our trek across a wide, **SUN-DRENCHED** plateau. The sun beat down



on our fur, and I was sure I would **melt** into a puddle of cheese if we didn't get some relief. Finally, we came across a patch of tall trees and **leafy** plants with a stream running through it: We had found an **OASIS!**

We placed the tigers' flag on the ground and lay down on it.

"Ah, that's better," I sighed. "How lovely!"

"We really shouldn't stop," Hercule scolded. **"WE NEED TO SAVE OLD MOUSE CITY!"**

"I know," I said. "But at least let me **cool off** a little."

"Fine," Hercule said. "But could you please stop **pulling** my tail?"

"I **am not** pulling your tail," I told him.

Hercule turned around — and saw his tail clamped between the **purple petals**



of an enormous flower!

I jumped up. "That's the Rodent-dendron! The terrible **MOUSE-EATING** flower!" I yelled. "They grow here on the Dinosaur Plains."

Hercule yanked his tail out of the flower's jaws and hightailed it across the oasis. I followed him, and the **Rodent-dendrons** snapped their teeth at us as we tried to escape. **THEY WERE TERRIFYING!**

One almost got me and I froze, paralyzed by fear. Hercule grabbed my paw. "**Run, Geronimo, run!**"

Luckily, those mouse-eating **MONSTROUS** flowers were rooted in the ground and couldn't follow us.

We zipped across the oasis faster than one of the **Great Zap's** lightning bolts. We didn't stop until we got to a hill with no plants in sight. Then we heard a deafening



Yum!

Yum!

Run,
Geronimo!



rumble, and the ground shook underneath our paws.

ROOOOOAAAAARRRRR!

“Earthquake!” Hercule yelled, pointing behind me.

I turned around, and this time it was true: The trembling ground had started to **split**! The crack was getting bigger very quickly, and was heading our way.

We sped toward Old Mouse City with the rift at our heels. After a mile, we saw a group of athletes **RUNNING** ahead of us. We had caught up to the last challenge in the games: the **Great Mouse Race!**

Growler Sharpclaws was in the lead, a few tails **ahead** of the others. We were so

revved up that we passed him!

We left him in the dust and ran
right into Old Mouse City, to the





applause of the crowd that had gathered
at the end of the race.





An **EXTRAORDINARY** feeling flowed through me as I crossed the finish line. Who would have guessed it? I, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**, a lazy, flabby, weak (well, perhaps I'm exaggerating a bit) cavemouse, was the winner of the **GREAT MOUSE RACE!**

Panting, I handed the flag to Ernest Heftymouse. Then Hercule and I dropped to the ground like **melted cheese**. The crowd went wild, clapping and cheering.

Our leader marched over to Tiger Khan and handed him the **furry flag**.

"The great **detective** and his assistant have found your flag," Ernest said.





BOOOO!

“That’s not all!” Hercule butted in. “We have some **shocking** news for everyone.”

The tigers and rodents all looked at one another, curious.

“We know who **stole** the flag!” Hercule announced.

“**Ooooooooooh!**” gasped the surprised crowd.

We have
shocking news!



“No one — except me — would have expected this,” Hercule continued, “but the criminals responsible for this dirty trick are none other than the **TIGERS** of the Saber-Toothed Squad!”



“**Nooooooooooooo** . . .” the crowd murmured.

“Oh, yes!” Hercule said. “They planned every last detail. Truce, shmuce! It was just an excuse to get into the city and make **mouse meatballs** out of all of us.”

Then he paused dramatically and pointed down the racetrack. “And *he* is the thief! **Growler Sharpclaws!**”

The crowd booed loudly. Tiger Khan began to **sweat**.

“**It must be some mistake,**” he said nervously.

Just then Growler crossed the finish line.

Tiger Khan ran up to him, winking and **making faces**, like he was trying to get Growler to go along with him.

“How could you accuse our star athlete of stealing the flag?” Tiger Khan asked. “He is



BOOOO!

a **CHAMPION**, not a thief!”

“Yes, yes,” said Growler, **NODDING** his head. “Besides, I’ve never even been to the Dinosaur Plains.”

Hercule’s ears perked up. “**DINOSAUR PLAINS?** Who said anything about the Dinosaur Plains?”

Growler turned **pale** and covered his mouth with his paw. Tiger Khan gave him a nasty look.

“Only the **guilty party** would know that we found the flag in the Dinosaur Plains!” Hercule said triumphantly.

**BONES AND STONES, IT WAS TRUE!
GROWLER WASN'T JUST A THIEF —
HE WAS A CHEESEBRAIN!**



The crowd at the games was **angrier** than if the arena had run out of cheese snacks. They grabbed rocks, clubs, **tomatoes**, eggs, and anything else they could get their paws on. The Stone Age Games were all about sportsmanship, and the tigers had showed no respect.

“Cheaters!”

“Boooo!”

“Go back to your **swamp** or we’ll tie up your whiskers!”

“Tigers are traitors!”

“Get out of here — **OR ELSE!**”

There were so many rodents that the tigers





BOOOO!

couldn't defend themselves. For once, it was the **SABER-TOOTHED SQUAD** members who were afraid!

They ran off to their **stinky** swamp as the rodents hurled **rotten** vegetables at them.

The cheating tigers were stripped of all the **MEDALS** they had won, which were then given out to the rodents who deserved them.

Trap began some **MAMMOTH** boasting, showing off the first-place medal he had won for the eating competition.

"Check it out, Cousin," Trap said. "I'm a **STONE AGE** champion, too!"

I still felt a little weird about my medal, since I had won the Great Mouse Race by **chance**. But then Ernest Heftymouse approached Hercule and me with two **shiny** bone medals in his paws.

"You two deserve medals for your



investigation,” he said. “You saved us from the tigers. What else can we give you as a **reward**?”

A reward? My mind raced wildly. I would love some prehistoric goat **cheese**, or a wheel of **CHEESE** aged in the Cheddar Caves, or maybe some super-stinky blue **cheese**. How could I decide?

But Ernest Heftymouse had something else in mind. “In your **HONOR**, we would like to change the name of the Great Mouse Race.”

My cheesy dreams were dashed. “You mean, you would call it ‘**THE STILTONOOT RACE**’?” I asked.

“Or ‘**The Poirat Race**’?” asked Hercule hopefully.

Ernest **frowned**. “Hmm. We need something that honors both of you. How about the



BOOOO!

Stiltorat Race? The Great Detectives Race? The Tiger Challenge? Geronimule? Herculimo?”

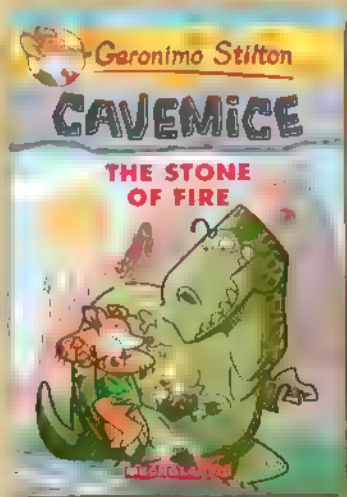
He continued to make up names, each one more **RiDiCuLoUs** than the last. Hercule and I stopped listening. We were just **HAPPY** to be back in Old Mouse City, safe and sound. For I am a Stone Age city mouse at heart, or I’m not . . .

**Geronimo Stiltonoot,
cavemouse!**

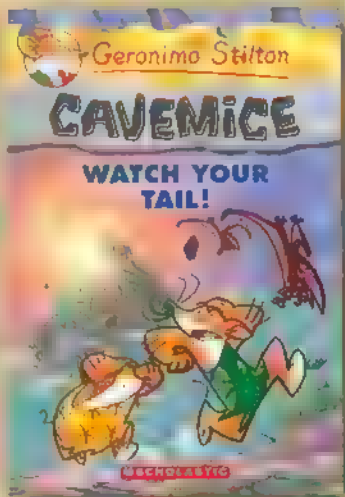




Don't miss any adventures
of the cavemice!



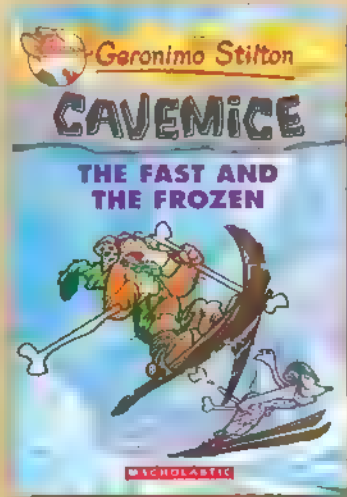
#1 The Stone of Fire



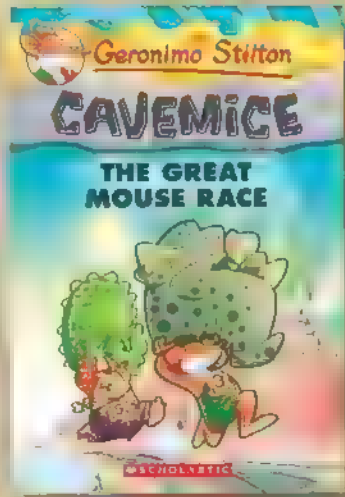
#2 Watch Your Tail!



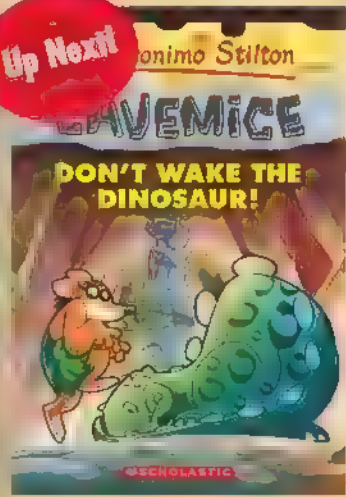
#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and
the Frozen



#5 The Great Mouse Race



#6 Don't Wake the
Dinosaur!

Up Next!

MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship ***MouseStar 1***. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



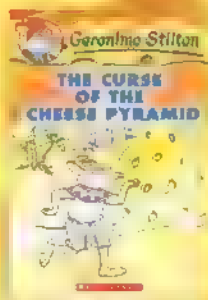
#2 You're Mine, Captain!



**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



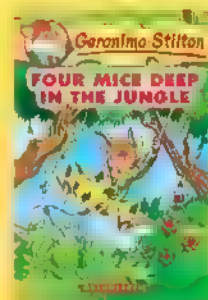
#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



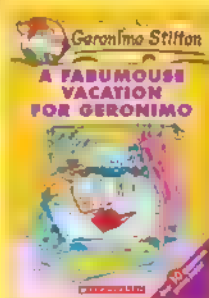
#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



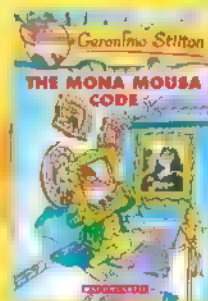
#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



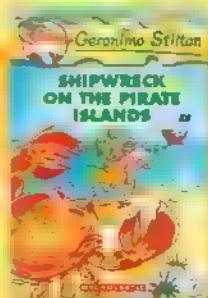
#15 The Mona Mousa Code



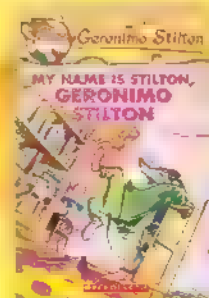
#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



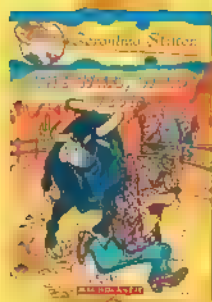
#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



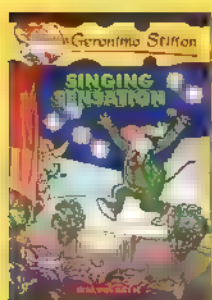
#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mouse! Kikmanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



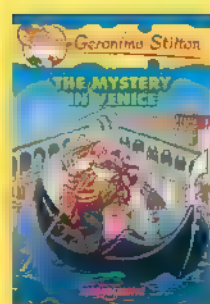
#45 Save the White Whale!



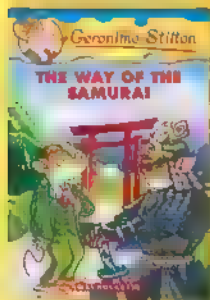
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



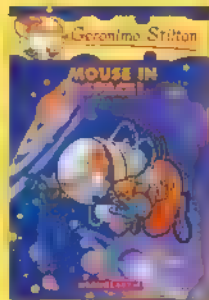
#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



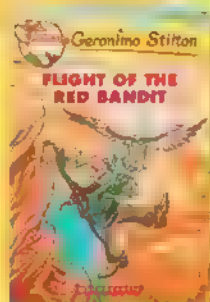
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



Don't miss my journey through time!



Old Mouse City

(MOUSE ISLAND)

GOSSIP
RADIO

THE CAVE OF
MEMORIES

THE STONE
GAZETTE

TRAP'S HOUSE

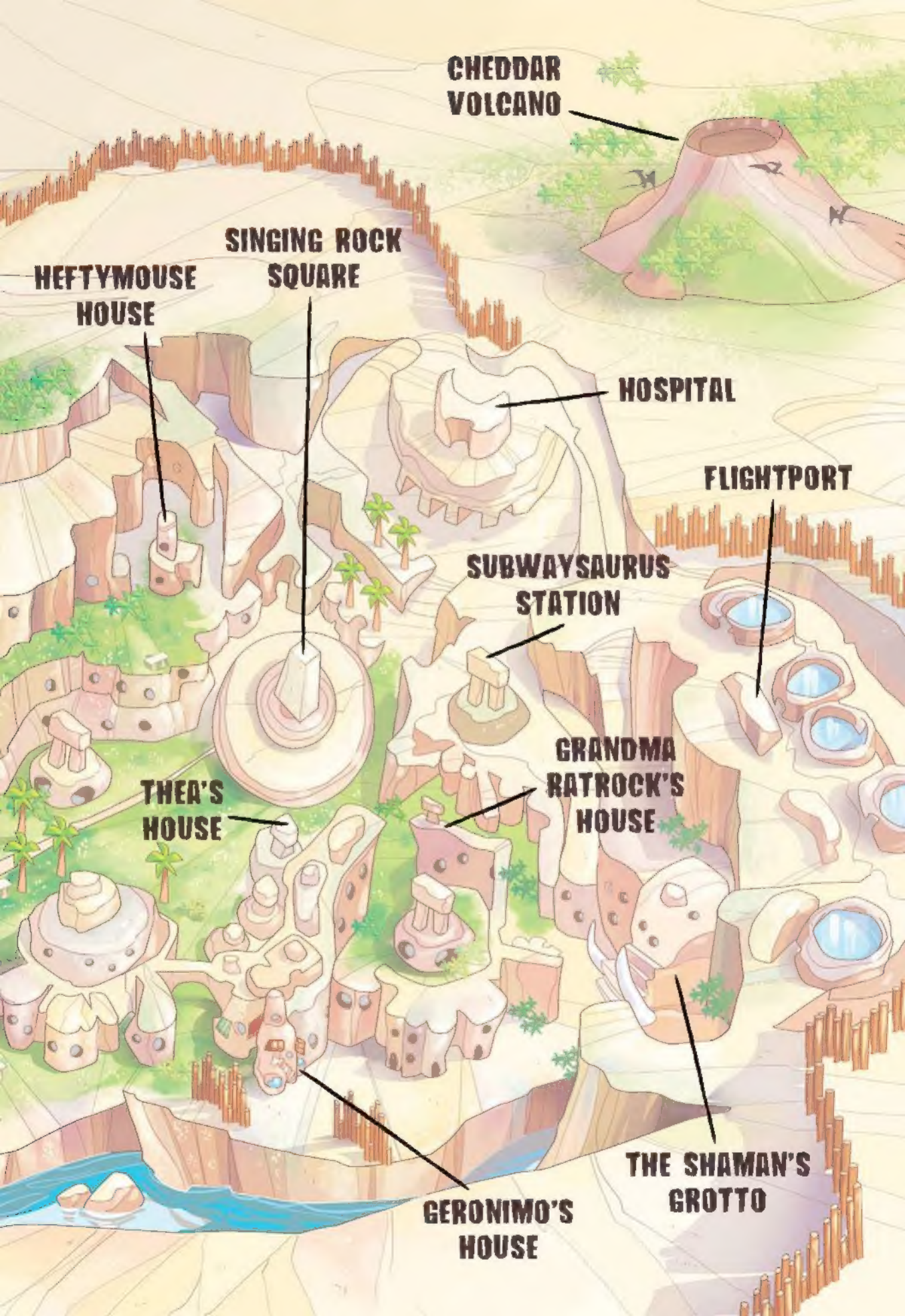
THE ROTTEN
TOOTH TAVERN

LIBERTY
ROCK

DINO
RIVER

UGH UGH
CABIN





**CHEDDAR
VOLCANO**

**HEFTYMOUSE
HOUSE**

**SINGING ROCK
SQUARE**

HOSPITAL

FLIGHTPORT

**SUBWAYS SAURUS
STATION**

**THEA'S
HOUSE**

**GRANDMA
RATROCK'S
HOUSE**

**THE SHAMAN'S
GROTTO**

**GERONIMO'S
HOUSE**

**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
THANKS FOR READING,
AND GOOD-BYE UNTIL
THE NEXT BOOK!**



WHO IS GERONIMO STILTONOOT?



He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!

THE GREAT MOUSE RACE

It's time for the Stone Age Games, the annual cavemouse sports competition! This year, the saber-toothed tigers want to enter the games, too, so they call a truce. But when their flag goes missing, Tiger Khan blames the cavemice! Can Geronimo track it down in time to keep his fur intact?



 **SCHOLASTIC**



APPEALS TO
2ND-4TH GRADERS



READING LEVEL
GRADE 4

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